

The
West
Saxon



Summer Term,
1932.

WESSEX.

The Annual Magazine published by University College, Southampton, designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a University of Wessex, and also to provide an annual review of intellectual affairs for the district of Wessex.

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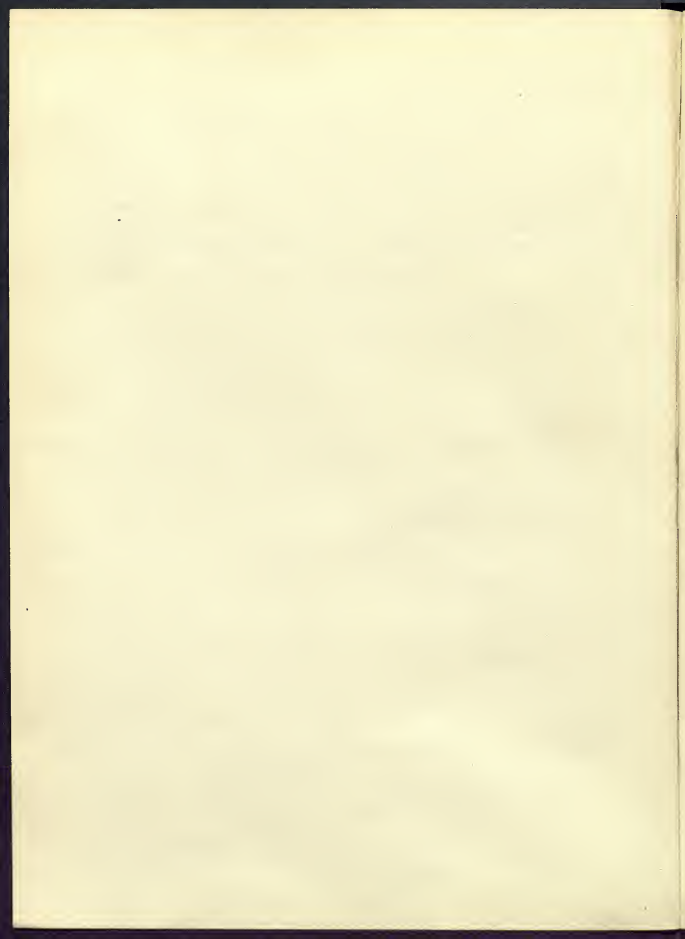
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The West Saxon.

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The Editor accepts no responsibility for any views expressed or suggested in the "West Saxon."

THE EDITOR SPEAKS.



COLLEGE is in some ways waking up at last; various people who have had no connection with the *West Saxon* before (not even by way of being maligned therein) have been touched by our heartrending appeals for contributions, so that this term we have actually been able to pick and choose—to some extent—what we should print. We are glad to note this growth of a feeling of public responsibility; perhaps people are beginning to realize more fully that every little thing that goes on in College should be and can be their own particular business. But there are still many people who have no such realization; the number of votes recorded in

the recent elections sadly showed that whole groups of people do not even bother to read the notices placed in the corridor for their convenience, and the complacency—no, the pride—with which some folk have admitted never having voted since they have been to College is disgusting. Similarly the lack of support given by students to the glorious symphony concert exemplified their lack of interest in College affairs. In this number there appears a "poem" in which the writer gives very forcible expression to his opinion of this same grave state of affairs, and which has accordingly been printed, in spite of its rather modern (we suppose) and strange style of prosody. Perhaps the apparent slackening of interest is due to approaching examinations; we would be all too willing to give people the benefit of the doubt if we ever saw them working. However, their regular manner is either one of assumed cheerfulness, which hides their ignorant minds, or of quivering anxiety, by which we know that they expect a first at least. We can understand that they are using all their energy in hiding their real feelings (we did so ourselves last year); but for all that we wholeheartedly condemn their attitude of disinterest.

For many of us this will be the last *West Saxon*. It will be amusing as term nears its end to think of each by-now-habitual act being performed for the last time. I think we will linger a little longer in the libraries, in Refec., in our own rooms at Hall, trying to experience College life anew, so that we can carry away with us part of its thrill. It is hard to think that we shall never know people again in quite the same free and easy manner, that we shall have to be more reserved and aloof because we will never be quite sure that our companions will share so many of our interests and so much of our outlook; but it is harder still to some of us to know that we shall soon cease to regret our loss and become satisfied with our routine existences. Some of us

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have just been considering the formation of a new society to prevent the complete severance of all the old ties; through an "Alumni" Association, run on the same lines as such societies in America, we hope to keep alive the welfare and development of College in the hearts of old students. It is an object really worthy of our whole-hearted support, for though College means very different things to separate individuals, I am sure it means something worth while to all of us.

I have heard objections raised to the persistence with which students are asked to appreciate beauty, on the grounds that beauty is an appetite, like eating or sex, which can be satiated too soon, so that man needs relaxation from it in the form of flippant conversation and foolish behaviour to bring him back to earth. I suppose College has given something to a man who objects in this way, in enabling him to recognise beauty, but he has certainly missed the real significance of this final stage of his organised education, if he has failed to see that, though man may sometimes welcome a relapse to the primitive, the taste for beauty can and must be developed. He forgets that at one time there was no such taste, but that as man's existence grew easier for him and his leisure increased, he had time to contemplate the beautiful and came to choose it in preference for the merely useful. Man is not being natural when he reverts to the primitive; it is part of his nature to want more and more beauty. We need not fear that our appreciation of beauty will be lost, as the ugliness needed for its comparison is cleared away; there will always be some ugliness left to keep us striving towards perfection. If College can give us some such urge to strive (even though we hide it by a pretence of scorn) it will be well on the way to becoming a true University, for students will always look back in real gratitude on the place whence they received so great a gift.

And now we must stop playing and face life in real earnest; acceptance of responsibilities before the world means the acquisition of independence, and that we all welcome eagerly. But we shall come back sometimes to play again, and we shall often be playing in spirit on the terraces and in the rooms that have sheltered us so long. And so the Editor says farewell.



THE PATIENT HEART.

MAKE ready a seat of gold and a place of riches,
For my love comes by:
Besom the lovely chambers of my heart,
And garnish with glad hands the inner room;
Go out and speak with her, saying I wait,
That she be tempted in.

Go tell her the inner room is sweet and seemly,
(For my love comes by).
Say there are precious cloths and gold within
And one that waits with many gifts to give.
Go out before my love, and speak her fair,
That she be tempted in.

PAN.

OH, MOANER !

If only exams. were abolished
And working were strictly taboo,
Then wouldn't life be simply heaven
As we loafed with just nothing to do ?

If only Refec. were conducive
To spending the mornings at rest !
If only we'd armchairs to doze in,
With cocktails to add interest !

If only the lunches were varied
And the spuds were less piebald and old !
If only the meat were more tender,
And it were not served up quite so cold !

If only the weather'd stop raining,
And we saw the sun once now 'n again !
If only they'd stop singing " Moanah,"
Which is driving me wholly insane !

If only beer weren't so expensive,
Or my throat weren't so bloomin' well dry !
(If the ocean were one mighty cocktail,
Would that I in the ocean might die !)

If only I'd picked out the winner
Before this last Derby was run !
If only the outsider had come in
That I'd backed at a hundred to one !

If only I'd someone to moan to,
Instead of just moaning alone !
If only we'd all moan together,
Then life were one glorious moan !

LUGUBRIUS.



H. B. H-RN-.

I have passed sundry examinations in my time, not without credit, yet very little real knowledge underlay the torrent of stuff which I was able to pour out on paper.—*T. H. Huxley.*

G. P. B. N--SH.

As he walked his long limbs seemed to have loose joints, his arms dangled rather than swang, he steered no very straight course along the road.

—*Hilliare Belloc.*

D. S. M-LL-R.

My tongue ever speaks the goodness.—*Mendelssohn.*

MY NEIGHBOUR'S VICES.

THE eighteenth century has its points. It was sordid, vicious, materialist, and, for the most part, empty alike of religious belief and of artistic ideal. But it was elegant. It was hopelessly immoral, even amoral, but it sinned with art. Now to the detached observer vice in itself is revolting, but vice whole-hearted and artistic is attractive by its very perfection. And this leads me to attempt a classification of vice. Basically, I suppose, vice is always the same. In basis it is the same thing to get drunk on champagne in the Dorchester as to get drunk on swipes in a dockside beerhouse. Promiscuity is the same in Mayfair as in a Manchester slum. But if you commit the same sin as your neighbour you can do it differently. Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. may wear the same sort of hat; on one it is a delight, on the other it is a mess. The case is analogous. So let us proceed with our classification of sin according to the way of sinning. In such a classification I find four main types of vice.

First, there is what one may call "cultured vice." Hereunder come most of the vices of the eighteenth century. In those days men sinned daintily and with discrimination. (You have read only to the memoirs of Casanova to see that. The man had an "air," even when he cheated at cards.) To gain the acceptance of society a gentleman had to have as a pretty taste in women as in wine or clothes. Virtue was discounted, but vulgarity in vice was not the rule. The vices of the eighteenth century were as perfect in style as an epigram of Voltaire. Sin was an end in itself and the major business of life. The arts were subservient to the lusts of the flesh. Artists painted aristocratic courtesans, the theatre was the hunting ground of the lecher, and even the more or less seriously minded Montesquieu must write a scabrous novel.

As our second heading let us take hearty vice; by this I mean that rollicking, joyous vice of the 15th and 16th centuries. Here vice is not an end in itself but an outcome of sheer zest in life. Men in the 18th century sinned from boredom. They believed in nothing, they had no ideals. Vice was an escape from the emptiness of existence. But in the 16th century you had a tremendous gusto for things. You lived hugely. If you drank you drank mightily; if you lied you lied, like Cellini, on the grand scale; your mistresses were legion and you delighted unashamedly in their physical charms. Your jests were Rabelaisian. Knowing what could be written I suspect that some of what was said would bring a maiden blush to the cheek of a Billingsgate porter in these days.

Now for class three—the vice of the parvenu. This is a mixture of the two previous classes. It attempts to combine the zest of hearty vice with the elegance of cultured vice. But it does not work. You cannot sin zestfully and elegantly at the same time. If you sin for sheer joy of living you do not need the frills and elegances; if you sin for sin's sake you don't need zest. But your typical parvenu tries to combine the two and with vast expense merely achieves a pitiful vulgarity of the worst sort. The classic example is Trimalchio in the *Satyricon*.

The fourth class—"smug vice"—is the worst of the lot. Your elegant sinner sins with a straight face, your hearty sinner with a laugh, your vulgar sinner with all the frankness in the world, but your smug sinner sniggers behind his hand. His are petty sins, recommended by neither taste nor magnitude. They are the sins of folk who, lacking the strength to be good, have not the courage to be very bad—anaemic creatures, only half alive, like Kipling's Tomlinson.

And this is just the type of vice you will find in College. We have a sneaking regard for vice, but most of us are comparatively virtuous because vice is dangerous,

MY NEIGHBOUR'S VICERS.

and we dare not face that danger. But to be good only because you are afraid to be bad is worse than to sin outright. We are so very smug. We drink a pint of beer and come home at eleven o'clock self-consciously singing snatches of bawdy song, persuading ourselves we are vastly drunk and very reckless gay dogs. If we kiss a girl at a Christmas party we talk loudly about women, trying to assume the air of, and, indeed, thinking we are, experienced men of the world. What a delusion. Really to sin requires a certain courage; you must spiritually burn your boots. We have not that courage. *A fortiori* we lack the strength to be virtuous. And I suppose we shall bring up snivelling children like us. It is not good enough. For Heaven's sake let us make up our minds and see the thing straight. Either we want to be decent for decency's own sake, in which case we give up that sneaking regard for sin (that is not to say that we may not have lapses, but that at least we shall not be confoundedly complacent about them), or we shall realise that we have no desire on earth to be decent, in which case we shall try to be as bad as we want, without pretending to be decent. It is the only honest thing to do. There is some hope for the hearty sinner, but our smugness is vile. It is basically moral cowardice, and that is damnable.

DIOGENES.



IT PAYS TO — ?

I'M a man who really knows his limitations,
I am never prone to foolish ostentations,
I'm as modest as can be;
Yet not bashful, as you see,
For I always must engage in disputations.

When requested to give any demonstrations
Of the fruits of all my humble cogitations
By A or B or C,
Then I usually agree,
And I give the best informed of explanations.

You must know I'm on the friendliest relations
With people in the very highest stations.
Since they often write to me,
With their names I can make free.
I am not the man for servile adulations.

I am subject to sporadic imitations,
To sudden vents and slight exacerbations.
Yet I think you must agree
I'm as modest as can be.
I'm a man who really knows his limitations.

LOS TOROS.

THE Plaza de Toros in Heusca is filling rapidly. It is the feast of San Lorenzo, the patron of the city, and to-day in his honour brave men will fight the bull. A classic Spanish sun slants his rays on to the ring so that the shadow of the wall bisects it. In the sunny seats the peasants laugh and chatter and the barbaric colours of their dresses make a brilliant show. The aristocrats lounge in the shade and their women have hung their ancestral shawls from the balconies, flattering themselves that the glow of silks and glitter of jewels compare well with peasant cloth even though the latter has the assistance of the sun in showing off its gaudy beauties. There is also an intermediate part of the ring where fat tradesmen and a handful of foreigners endure for a while the blaze of the sun and pray God speed for the shadow which is creeping along the benches towards them.

Now the president has taken his seat and the crowd proceed to signify to him that it is their pleasure that the games shall commence. This they do by waving handkerchiefs and blowing on tin whistles. A smile overspreads his large expanse of countenance and ripples down his innumerable chins. He gives an order to one of his companions. Full well does the president know the power of that crowd, the disgust in their handkerchiefs, the derision in their tin whistles, and the righteous anger of their well-aimed seat cushions. The crowd at a bullfight have a material as well as an artistic function. If the bull is too small or too meek they may have it removed. The fighters must at once defer to them when they express their disapproval of an act of cowardice or of undue recklessness. They are fully instructed both in the pedigree and qualities of the bull and in the prowess of the fighter. Bienvenida may perhaps slap his first bull between the eyes, but let him attempt to do it to his second or let some lesser man even pat his bull with the flat of his sword and there will be a scandalized roar against him.

The overture to the drama begins. The two city constables, with high plumed hats and black silk suits, gallop into ring and rein up sharply in front of the presidential box. He throws down a key, one of them catches it deftly in his hat and tosses it to a footman, and at once they wheel about as one man and gallop back, accompanied by a quite undeserved storm of whistles and cat-calls, for they are very fine fellows. The whistle for the alguacil is, however, a quite indispensable item in the proceedings.

The footman opens a gate opposite the president's box and the fighters march in, followed by the picadors on horseback and the equipages which drag the bull away. This ceremonial entry is a brilliant spectacle. The crowd shriek with delight as the fighters in their brilliantly coloured skin-tight uniforms advance to the box, bow, and retire.

Now the action proceeds with bewildering rapidity. All but six men vault over the barrier out of the ring, a trumpet sounds, and in rushes his majesty the bull, huge in size and astonishingly light of foot. Ah! but he is in a pretty temper. The head of a man behind the barrier catches his eye and he immediately rushes at it, crashing into the stout wooden fence with a terrific impact and recoiling angrier than ever. He turns about, beholds the ring dotted with alert figures holding folded yellow cloaks, and straightway he plunges to the nearest of them. This man immediately whips his cloak open and displays a scarlet lining. Be it noted that the bull made his vicious charge before he saw red. He is after the man, not his cloak. The cloak is

LOS TOROS.

the man's weapon of defence and the instrument by which he courts the approval of the eagle-eyed crowd with many a pretty pass and audacious swirl under the very nose of the bull. But beware, *senor capote*, the bull may be angry but he is also cunning. A quicker turn than usual and he will have one of his dangerous horns in your back. The wound will be bad, but the derision of the crowd will be worse.

This pretty flickering and switching of cloaks does not last long before a second trumpet sounds and the picadors enter. They are mounted men with lances and they wear broad-rimmed hats. Their horses are blindfolded and carry heavy padded armour on the right flank. An amazing boy in a red shirt leads the first horse round the edge of the ring to where the capotes are engaging the bull. The latter gentleman is now becoming thoroughly annoyed. There is little need for the picador to brandish his lance insultingly nor for the red-shirted one to emerge on the danger side of the horse and stamp his feet. The bull pauses, snorts, and then goes like a flash for the horse. Now the sand flies and the crowd yell in earnest. The bull is goring vainly at the horse's armoured flank. The picador, high in the saddle, brings down his lance clean between his majesty's shoulders, intent only on his deadly work and careless of the last that his horse is staggering. The bull bears the whole equipage backwards, there is a crash as they hit the barrier, and down goes the picador under his horse. The capotes are at work immediately, manœuvring the bull away from his quarry. A red-shirted figure rises from the cloud of sand, dragging first the rider and then the horse to their feet. The horse is bewildered but quite unhurt.

The second picador now challenges the bull, but the latter is somewhat tardy in charging. He had expected to feel his horns plunged in the soft flank of that horse as bulls did in the old primitive bullfighting days. Instead, he hit thick armour and gathered a prick in the shoulder. The picador spurs his horse farther into the ring leaving the safety of the barrier. "Idiot! get back!" yell the crowd, "Take care! he'll kill you! get back!" He immediately obeys their command and is not a second too soon. On comes the bull and up rears the frightened horse, but the picador sticks on, boring away with his lance like St. George on a gold sovereign. At last they go down, and no sooner has the bull been drawn clear than the trumpets sound again. The second act is over and the third is about to begin.

The bull is now in a blind fury. A thin trickle of blood comes down from the wound in his shoulder. He slashes at every capote without hesitation and the scarlet cloaks flick incessantly. Once, wheeling about, he beholds in the very centre of the arena a dancing unprotected figure brandishing in each hand a green stick. This is the deepest insult of all. A mounted lancer is fit work for bulls, but this hopping, yellow-clad figure is hardly worth the trifling effort of tossing to the moon. However, his presence is irritating and so master bull goes for him. Never in his wild life has he received such a shock as he now gets, for this *banderillero* answers charge with charge. He daintily sells the dummy to the bull, places his darts as he dashes by on the blind flank and is over the barrier—all in a second. That is the secret of those green sticks—they have wicked barbed points which cling and are sheer agony to the bull. He plunges about the ring vainly endeavouring to shake off the *banderillas* or darts while the blood streams down from his torn shoulders. Two more *banderilleros* cheerfully risk their lives, one in his hurry to get clear placing both *banderillas* on one side and being heartily whistled by the crowd. Then the trumpets sound again. The last act is about to begin.

The bull is beyond consciousness of pain now. All he sees is a red mist in which skipping figures come and go. Oh! to get his horns into one of those twisting bodies.

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His vision does not extend to the other side of the ring where a dapper figure in a green and gold suit now vaults the barrier. This is the king of the bullfighters, the matador, the killer. He makes a mighty fine bow to the president, sweeping off his three-cornered hat and tossing it deftly behind his back and out of the arena—a mystifying traditional gesture known only to matadors. Then he turns and saunters nonchalantly towards the spot where the capotes are engaging the bull, and as he goes he unfolds a red cloth of a deeper colour than the cloaks of the capotes and supports it fanwise by two sticks which he holds grasped in his left hand. The capotes fall back and the opponents face each other. The man stamps his foot and holds his red cloth invitingly. The bull hesitates for a second and then charges him. The matador steps calmly aside and his enemy dashes past, completely deceived, as are the spectators, by an apparently supernatural piece of footwork. He makes one or two more passes and then removes the longer of his two sticks from the folds of his cloth, which latter he tosses haughtily to a capote. That stick is dangerous. Now it flashes viciously in the sun. It is a long Toledo blade (for they still make blades in Toledo). Now there is only one way in which this man can kill the bull. He must get its head down until its muzzle nearly touches the ground and he must get its fore feet together. Then the shoulder blades are wide open and he may plunge his sword through into the lungs. How he does this is the matador's secret. Any other man who can bring an angry bull to this position may grow his hair to a short pigtail and go out to fight the bull, incidentally commanding an income of a quarter of a million pesetas a year.

It is nearly ended now. A few flicks of the sword and the bull is placed for death. The matador looks down his long sword—his body bends like a willow wand—he lunges

From the smother of sand a little man emerges, his head bowed and a sword dangling from his hand, the blade red for two-thirds of its length. Stiff in the arena lies the bull, dead in an instant, and through the sand near him spreads a deep red stain. The matador has done his work perfectly, killing with the first stroke, and as he bows before the president there is a mighty storm of applause.

The trumpets sound the last of the traditional calls and a jingling, be-ribboned mule team drags his majesty's carcass from the arena, the red-shirted boys running beside and cracking their long whips. No sooner have the gates closed behind them than the entry call is sounded again, the cage door lifts and a second black monster emerges.

Six bulls met their death in Heusca on San Lorenzo's day and the people walked home in the red sunset well content. Fully they had cause for satisfaction.

Bullfighting is barbarous, bloody and beautiful. It must not and cannot die. The toreadors are the bravest of the brave. They are great athletes, scrupulously trained to thorough physical efficiency. They fight a savage and dangerous animal under the eyes of a keenly critical crowd to whom bad fighting is a sacrilege. The game is full of polish and dash, and it is a great pity that the bull must die, for he fights gallantly, upholding the grand spectacle of Spain.



HIGHFIELD HALL.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!—*T. E. Brown.*

E. D. S-BB-RN

(with good Capon—*Shakespeare.* As You Like It.)
Like leviathans afloat.—*Campbell.*

SCIENCE AND MYTH.

IT is surprising how much myth pervades the various working philosophies of mankind. Most of these myths are based on erroneous ideas in physical science, in biology or in psychology. Just which of these three is involved is important, because we must remember that psychology is as much harder to investigate than biology as biology is than physics or chemistry.

The myths depending upon bad physics or chemistry are easily exploded. We need only cite by way of example the supernatural agency to which thunder and lightning have in the past been referred. Biological errors account for a greater number of myths than do those of physics and chemistry, but unfortunately a smaller percentage are exploded in the average mind by good research. The cause is twofold. Firstly, the phenomena are usually more difficult to grasp, *i.e.*, they call for special attitudes of mind; and, secondly, biological knowledge has had little chance to air itself as yet. Spontaneous generation is a good example of an exploded biological myth; or again, the phenomenon of the Bleeding Host, now known to be due to colonies of bacillus prodigiosus on the sacred wafer. A less accepted instance is afforded by parthenogenesis.

Psychology and its dependent myths present an even greater difficulty. Just as early biology was nearly useless because it depended upon bad physics and chemistry, so present-day psychology is nearly useless because it depends upon bad biology. How can people labouring under biological delusions be expected to produce good psychology? Since psychology is so very embryonic—psychologists cannot agree even about primary nomenclature—there is every probability that much of the speculation indulged in abounds with myth. There are only two ways in which we can treat this material. We can give up the struggle and have faith, or we can persist, however feebly, in the quest for truth.

Organic evolution, a fact accepted without question by all educated people of to-day, has lent tremendous significance to what would otherwise be a bewildering mass of data. The evolutionary concept has been applied in various fields always with remarkable results. There is evidence that organic evolution is gathering speed. Evolution probably proceeds almost entirely by the fortuitous selection of favourable variants. Factors weathering this vigorous storm of natural selection are said to have survival value. Instinctive behaviour, so characteristic of birds, is an example of the careful selection of useful instincts. But the birds would profit by a little more intelligence. They have lost their evolutionary plasticity in perfecting instincts at the expense of intelligent behaviour. The cuckoo sometimes parasitises the meadow pipit's nest, and when the brood of pipits hatches out, a young cuckoo is amongst them. Very often the selfish cuckoo will throw a young pipit out of the nest to make more room inside. The parent pipit will perch on the edge of the nest and watch this young pipit die of cold and hunger, without having enough sense to lift it back again, a feat well within her physical powers.

What can we say of man? He is generalised in most things as mammals go, but is specialised in brain. This does not mean that our instincts are of no use to us. They remind us to eat in order to sustain ourselves. They remind us to love in order to sustain the race. May it not be that many religious myths have had survival value in the past as part of the herd instinct? The acceptance of a herd leader probably originated very early and would result, by its projection as an ideal, in a tribal God, from which concept there is no very great step to Monotheism.

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These myths have united individuals against common foes with distinct racial advantage. No doubt such uniting force is wholly illusory, but it served its evolutionary purpose. In his aquatic past as a fish-like creature man's ancestors found gills to be of service to him, but now that he has come out on land they are of no use and are discarded (although a three-weeks-old human embryo has gill clefts like those of an embryo fish). When the search for truth replaces stagnation in myth as a social cement we shall cast off this perhaps once useful factor. There is everything to be gained by such a deliverance, just as there would be if everyone could lose his, once useful, appendix.

To-day Science is obstructed by myths of one kind or another. They are mostly religious, but a few remain unexploded from Science itself. Haldane reminds us of one—the myth of the all-pervading ether—which is accepted by the average radio enthusiast simply because the Press has helped to make it a popular myth. (The Press seems to exist for the propagation of myths.) One can be certain that racial progress, with a thorough stabilisation of the genus Homo, will always be seriously hampered while there remains a vestige of religious myth. Such myth tries to establish certainties where few, or even no, probabilities exist. If it is thought that by overthrowing these myths the world will be robbed of romance, we must remind ourselves that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

M. J. G.

FATUITY.

I ROAM the corridor with half-closed Eyes,
To gaze on notices with lips apart,
Not that I
Really need such
Exercise.
Because I know them mostly off by Heart.

A letter for me, what! a private screed,
Possibly Uncle's gone tubercular.
This is a pity,
I would rather
Read,
A good well-printed halfpenny Circular.

Refec. is full of noise and stamping Feet.
I really find it difficult to sleep.
Romances keep on
Breaking, lovers
Tweet.
It is so dull to see a fellow Weep.

Lecs? Oh dear no, in any case to Pawn
My gown has gone, and I don't care a damn.
I'll manifest
My boredom with a
Yawn,
And then go down to Hostel in a Tram.

VALETE.

*When you and I behind the veil are past,
Oh! but the long, long while the world shall last,
Which of Coming and Departure needs
As much as ocean of a pebble cast.*

FITZ GERALD. OMAR KHAYYAM.

F. KNIBBS.

Knibbs turned the usual short course of a College career into a long-distance race, and after a very doubtful start, managed to produce a "sprint finish." He mothered the Harriers and Athletic Clubs, weaned them and now can leave them bubbling over with youthful vitality. He supervised the affairs of the A.U. in an extraordinarily forceful way, which so exhausted his mental and physical condition that it frequently had to be artificially revived. During a temporary relapse into celibacy, he directed the affairs of the Students' Union with unwarranted imperviousness. He raised Southampton to the pinnacle of athletic achievement by representing the Universities of England (and Wales) in both France and Germany. He has benefited the student body to an inestimable degree by a well-calculated intimacy with at least one of the Powers That Be. He carries with him our sincerest wishes for his continued abstinence from undue intemperance.

PRUDENCE MAYOR.

None here can remember Coll. without Prue., and what it will be like we do not care to imagine. Five years is a long time indeed, but the number of important posts she has held could scarcely have been worked into a shorter space of time without involving her in a distressing number of pluralities. What surprises many is that she has kept so quiet about it all; but the full charm of her gentleness is lost on the high-spirited hundred who have chosen her, for this last term, as mediator between themselves and authority. In Prue's eyes, *miserabile dictu*, authority usually gets the benefit of the doubt, of which Highfield had never realized the existence. She has a passion for righteousness, which enabled her to rule the smaller body of women who used to inhabit South Hill with a rod of iron. Her chief call to fame though is through her appearance of unlimited potentiality, yet she has seldom done simply what was expected of her. True, she played in the hockey team; but she also threw fainting fits (were they due to malnutrition?). Prue defies assessment; there is far more in her than meets the average vacant student-stare, and her red hair is no indication of her temperament. As a companion she has been kindly, sympathetic and very entertaining in the true student manner—especially in a railway carriage—and many of us are glad that we won't be here after she's gone. We wish her real luck.

O. W. MUNDEN.

"Bill" Munden is blessed with considerable physical and mental strength. His quietness and reservedness have often hidden his determination and fixity of purpose. As secretary of the Union, he displayed a carefulness, an orderliness and an asceticism worthy of a high Government official. For three years he ruled the Rugger team, following his ideals with unusual conformity. His sense of duty was strong, and if he imposed it upon the team with a stern and iron will, one must admit that he subjugated himself to it as firmly as anyone. His enthusiasm for his chosen sport was great, and he strove mightily to inspire the same in others. It was a pleasant sight to watch him (in his younger, palmy days) running along the hundred yards course in a somewhat labouring and bovine manner with body erect and head thrown back,

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but utilizing every bit of available energy. The stern frugidity which most people saw was only part of his life; when he unbent, he did it properly, and could be as mad and unfettered by the customs of society as any self-respecting University student should be. He departs with our best wishes, and thanks for having conducted the arduous secretaryship of the Union in a careful and meticulous fashion.

G. P. B. NAISH.

Mr. George, etc., Naish has wriggled his way, academically and socially, through five years of College. Considering his inimitable serpentine evolution, it is astounding that the College buildings, crockery and general appurtenances, have remained materially *in statu quo*. He has set up an undoubted record in his distribution of largesse, in the form of chocolate biscuits, to the multitude. In dancing George has the carriage of a conger eel and the pertinacity of a tank, while in aquatic sport he successfully refutes the modern superstition that the sea serpent is as dead as the "Dodo." He is the only secretary known to have written to himself arranging fixtures with somebody else, hence ensuring that he, at least, was cognizant of his intention. Yet he has managed to combine a considerable degree of intelligence and efficiency with an apparent inability to perform the most every-day act without cataclysmic effect.

E. P. NICOLAY.

Nick has been at the College for three years. He has an accent.

MISS F. V. CLARKE.

Until the end of last session Clarke seemed sufficient unto herself and scarcely interested in external affairs. This behaviour was regarded as unforgivably selfish, and, determined to put an end to it, we voted her into various important posts. As President of the W.C.R. she gave us gaudy cushions and fresh flowers, also the envy of the men: they appreciate that feminine touch in the home! As Chairman of Highfield Committee, she persisted in opposing the Warden and got her own way; moreover, she kept in the Warden's good books! She discovered an extra storey in Hall, whither only she and some Givers of Light could go; she became a gracious hostess in full fig, and otherwise the perfect silly ass. The ideas that had been germinating in her fertile brain during her self-imposed solitude amazed us by their content, extent and intent. So Clarke made whoopee with the best of us and found it good. But something happened to the works, and she was suddenly all wound-up and run-down, and was advised to take a holiday before finals; whereat we all envy her most mightily. But there's a feeling about that she'll still do quite well in finals, and we all wish her everything of the best.

F. H. OAKLEY.

Rather unobtrusively Oakley passed five years in Southampton

"in a contemplative fashion
and a tranquil frame of mind . . ."

(here the quotation perforce must end!). His quiet, assured manner gave the impression that he was "the man behind the scenes"; in many ways he was certainly "the Grand Old Man" of College. He set a standard of work which was equalled by few, yet in spite of this he found opportunity for lighter pastimes. At football he often surprised spectators by his evasiveness of both man and ball; in his last year he discovered a genius for tennis which, together with his length of office, gained him the captaincy of the Second Team. For several years he has had a hand in the direction of most of the important sides of student life, and we fear that it will be hard to find anyone else like him.

VALETE.

R. L. WOODLAND.

If you want Woody (or if you don't) you can usually find him in Refec., talking. But if you have important business to discuss you find him in vain; his one subject of conversation is Woody. He avoids work by distributing his psych. books among his friends and then avoids terminals and trouble by putting his knee out of joint (useful things, those jointed knees!). He has an intimate working knowledge of the interior of Winchester Prison, but he became a Christian when he found that in such guise he could get to the Terriers' camp. As a misogynist he has had as much to do with women in general as any man in College, and as a secretary he always took his own way in spite of committees and even presidents. At first he played soccer, but, finding it somewhat rough, he took up running instead; this we conclude was too fast for him, for his latest pastime is hockey, in which he does his little bit as a full-back, by shooting goals. Has also been known to play tennis, but he considers mixed doubles of no more than social value and as such superfluous; this is probably due to the fact that it gives him more work to do (his passion for work has already been mentioned). He used to live in Stoneham, but now he only baths there; we are glad to know that he does bath! Untidy, cheerful, cynical and "quietly efficient", he has got through Coll. in an only occasionally embarrassed manner; we hope that he will be as successful when he is beyond our control.

H. BERTRAM HORNE, of Gosport (censored).

B. W. GOODERHAM.

Jerry is a gentleman *tout-a-fait parfait*. He comes from Ipswich—so do canaries; canaries sometimes sing—so does Jerry (here the likeness ends). Jerry was fond of hockey—men's and women's—and loved mixed doubles at tennis—if only he could get the right double. On Saturday evenings he had a secret passion for Lyons, we understand; but times have changed. Jerry read economics, not because he pipped Latin Matric., but because he was genuinely disinterested. His charming bland smile was seen at its best when confronted by an irate student in Refec. showing him the unrecognisable torso of an extinct but exhumed animal; at such times Jerry was as wise as Solomon. To a dapper little gentleman we say "Adieu."

E. S. EAST.

This year sees the passing of E. S. East, much more widely known as Son, who has taken an obvious part in many College functions, particularly the late Hospital ragging, which seemed rather well suited to his parts. A boyish figure, a girlish face and a childish manner (assumable) combined to deceive many as to his real age and to make him the bane of many members of the College staff who regularly predicted his downfall in every exam. he intended to take. But the Devil looks after his own (he can recognise them tho' they adopt cherubic guise), and Son is now taking Dip. With some help from Einstein he has proved conclusively that neither scum-halves nor boats travel in straight lines; apparently his social activities have been blessed with a little more rectitude, a fact which may be attributed to his invariable choice of "big he-men" for his male companions; his (more usual) female companions are more difficult to classify, unless we can be satisfied with "Coll. women" and "others" as two main divisions. His frank, disarming smile has won him a way into many hearts; we feel sure it will be as invaluable to him in "the profession," in which we wish him good luck, in pious hope that he will find a school small enough for him.

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W. I. MELTON.

This bright lad is the Topsy of our small commonwealth. That he might once have been a pink-faced cherub, we cannot conceive, but that he was never anything else than the ready-made little model that we are about to lose, we refuse to believe. Bill came to College with a pipe and a fund of anecdotes; the former is still going strong, the latter seems somewhat well-worn. As a young and innocent fresher he laid fairly low, not so low though that he was not hailed forth to smoke the fragrant Hartley mixture, to win a litter of clay-pipes. His pet aversion for two years was French, but he managed to impress the London Examiners, and now is entitled to a hood. He is also entitled to a stripe, but no red sash, although he wears one ("Move to the right in fours!" said the sergeant!) Bill's endless vocation was on the stage. For four years he gave us amusement of various kinds and developed such a natural histrionic manner that his most casual remarks seemed directed to some vast, hidden audience. As chairman of New Hall, he punctiliously carried out his duties on a "laissez-faire" policy, and at times gave sage and learned counsel to the S.C. Bill was most pleasant in his flippant moods. With regret we bid farewell to his noble figure and distinguished moustache.

M. J. GLENN.

Glenn is our perfect example of the professional high-brow. He was born at a tender age, where he has stayed ever since. Winchester, tired of educating him, invented a county scholarship system whereby he was exiled at a place ten miles distant—Southampton. He fell under the influence of that most noble edifice, the botany building, and decided that there his destiny lay (it still does). His hatred of cross-country running was such that he took it up and, hoping to avoid women, he became a dancer in a style all his own. In Stoneham he rose to high eminence and sits at the left hand . . . from whence he knocks at sundry times to announce wedding or funeral, washing or boot-repairs. Jimmie is a well-known at College for his hierarchy of student offices and monotonous habit of asking for the back of the hall to be cleared for the dancers—how selfishly altruistic! He has a ready wit, a wealth of pregnant epithets, abusive for the most part, and a pleasant way of telling you that you are entirely wrong. He might go into research or he might not, accordingly we wish him the best of luck, or we do not.

BARBARA BENINGTON.

One of the most "famous" members of the Students' Union is Barbara Benington. She has won this fame by debating, editing and producing (a play). The first and last gave considerable scope to her greatest asset—volubility. Throughout the last year, she has written the College Magazine with just a little outside help, thereby developing a habit of writing letters to herself. In the production of "Bird in Hand" she showed an "all round" capacity. Producing, stage building and painting, and the general supervision of activity behind the scenes (including the usual duties of the College Beadle) seemed to be her natural propensities. Rebellion was Barbara's watchword. Established customs, rules and conventions were anathema to her: her general attitude was typified by her hair. We fear that the gap left by her in the student life will be difficult to fill.

B-RR-R- B-N-NGT-N.

Excuse my brevity.—*Charles Lamb.*

DEAD-WEIGHT OPPOSITION.

HEROIC nonconformity distresses all the insolent young fools
Who still presume to trespass here beyond their proper schools
Of rigid governance, expecting rules
Of creed and culture, laid down by the sages.
Propriety needs a more-than-magic wand
To quell the evil influences of June ;
For youth alone 'tis virtuous to respond
To youth's mad tune ;
But if your spirit never goes beyond
Convention, you will be old, soon.

Intense, the brilliant lightning streaks the high-piled, cold
Grey banks of clouds, like threads of living gold.
The flooding rain will sweep away
The staleness of this still, oppressive day
And, from the garden, all that's growing old.

And yet among us ever will remain
This clogging, cloying atmosphere of doubt ;
Oh, for a storm of intellectual rain
To drive it out !
To let in new enthusiasm, such life
That coward opposition cannot still ;
A joy in being, fierce desire to do,
Keen admiration of another's skill
And reverence for everything that's true
In any way ; without vain words, without exhausting strife,
Thus would arise a readier admission
Of individual faults ; perhaps the longed-for recognition
Of the true nature of the supreme will.

Valiantly, some strive (not all in vain ?), against the lovers of tradition.



UPON EDITORIAL EXTORTION.

REGRET for past indiscretion, amatorial or otherwise, fades into insignificance beside the remorse of the unfortunate who has been inveigled into a rash promise to contribute an effort of some kind, in response to the exacting demands of an ever-compromising Editor. Indeed it would seem that like Idomeneus of the legend, the victim of the editorial assault is left no loophole by which he may repudiate his plighted word, though doubtless his very soul militates against the insistent solicitations of his tormentor. And so, in the privacy of his study, where he is momentarily free from editorial entreaties, his attempts to discover the direction of his literary talents reduce him to the bottommost depths of despair.

The eagerly-awaited inspiration that means the evanescence of his present troubles and a return to his former lethean state, fails to present itself. Only the thought of the morrow fraught with visions of an avenging Erinys in editorial shape and the exigencies of the fleeting hours, turn his attention to the theme of his discourse. Since, however, no response is immediately forthcoming as he casts about desperately, he appeals to a few unmitigated idiots in his immediate vicinity, whose sole redeeming feature is their harmless plausibility and whose intellectual capabilities are as much open to question as his own. Receiving only the most futile suggestions by way of reply, he is once again compelled to rely solely upon the resources of his now thoroughly embarrassed cerebrum.

His indignation leads him first to a consideration of the pointed weapon of satire; he contemplates a scathing attack upon the supremacy of the weaker sex within College precincts, but a review of the extent of his vocabulary therein convinces him of the inadvisability of its appearing in print. Once again he flounders in the slough of despond, but the possibility, unquestionably remote, of a natural bent for parody, hitherto latent, serves to revive his disconsolate spirits. He passes in review all the poems of his immediate acquaintance—The Ode to a Nightingale, Kubla Khan, The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Ulysses—but his ingenuity is incapable of rising to such master heights. And so yet another theme is perforce rejected.

As a final attempt to pour forth the innermost emotions of his soul into profusions of verse, he bethinks him of the Epistle Dedicatory, that frivolous and airy trifle in which the amorous swain addresses the lady of his affections in the highest of laudatory terminology. But now the problem that confronts him is the selection of the requisite maiden to whom he may address his effusions of affection. A review, however, of the eligible candidates for this doubtful distinction, convinces the now-thoroughly-discouraged poet—of merely potential poetical qualities—that to allow his choice to attach unwaveringly to any one member of this galaxy of beauty, to the total exclusion of the others would be, to say the least, highly impolitic, and may even lead to highly delicate situations should his affections at a later period veer in other directions.

Persuaded by now that poetry is certainly not his *métier*, and reduced to utter misery, the unhappy prodigal turns in despair to prose. A glowing account of a social event recently held at one of the Men's Halls of Residence with a comprehensive survey of the variegated modes worn on that auspicious occasion, is ultimately rejected on the somewhat inadequate grounds that in this present state of funereal gloom the editorial prey cannot do justice to a subject requiring an animated description born of a minute study of facts. Accordingly, by way of a final onslaught, he

UPON EDITORIAL, EXTORTION.

peruses the complaints and plaudits of the several correspondents to the preceding issue of the *West Saxon* with a view to disparaging some of the views expressed therein and concurring in others. Finding that he can only give his whole-hearted, with the inevitable reservations resulting from the cause of his present plight, to "Mutt," he resigns himself to mental suicide.

Now at length convinced that his mere verbosity will do no more than incense the editorial tyrant because of the mediocre result of her solicitations, and that his total lack of spontaneity will entail the immediate rejection of his future endeavours, he has leisure to reflect on the Latin adage, *Cave ne quicquam suscipias, quod post paeniteat.*

PAN II.



TO W.

WHEN you have gone your carefree face
Will cheer me. In my solitude,
When glorious things have lost their grace,
(Because you've gone), your carefree face
Will gladden my worst misery mood.
And though I may not know the place
Where you have gone, your carefree face
Will cheer me in my solitude.

B. B.



His poking and peeping, after things creeping.
—Barham.

AMERICA VERSUS ENGLAND ON INDIA.

ON Friday, April 29th, at 5.15 p.m., we debated a subject that really called for a serious attitude of mind and some specific knowledge. America attacked the English policy in India against our ardent support of it.

Miss Sally Reed, of the Tulane University of Louisiana, in proposing the motion, "That England should grant immediate dominion status to India," regretted that America should be called upon to advise England as to the management of her Empire; but she felt that unless India were granted Dominion Status she would inevitably adopt the policy of America in 1775, for the present union of Hindus and Moslems showed their eagerness for self-government. If India was lost to Britain she would probably be annexed by Japan or even Russia, which would strike the death blow to England's Eastern trade, upon which much of her present prosperity depended. Self-government in her Colonies was the peculiar genius of Great Britain; logically she should follow her ideals in regard to India.

For the opposition, Mr. Gooderham pointed out the true significance of self-government, comprising inclusion in the British Commonwealth, internal autonomy, and the power to make treaties abroad. He described graphically the many ways in which India was disunited geographically, politically and ethnographically; he showed the invaluable work England had done to improve conditions in India by providing systems of long-distance communications, by financing and controlling industry and trade, and by attempting to improve the conditions of the Indian peasants who form the basis of all Indian life. An India with dominion status would be wracked by religious and political dissension, because of which it would lose its economic stability which is possible now only because of the control of an external power.

Miss Rosa Russell, from the Randolph-Macon College of Lynchburg, Virginia, showed that the Indian trouble was by no means new, and that in the past England had made promises which she had subsequently ignored on the pretext that India was not yet ready for self-government; but who could say better than India when she was ready? If India, though said to be disunited, held high positions in army and government, her failure to lead in the East was due to her never having been given a chance, and as long as she had England to blame for her mistakes, she would not reform, but would rebel—unless Dominion Status is granted her at once as the only possible compromise between Indian desires and the English idea of Empire.

Miss Benington seconded the opposition by stressing further the lack of unity and lack of any real leaders in India. Those agitating for self-government did not understand its real significance, but in their Western education had borrowed ideas from England without realizing that they were not universally applicable, for India was not a colony like Canada or Australia, peopled by Englishmen. Moreover, the really educated Indian did see the absurdity, and agreed with Lord Irwin that dominion status in India would defeat its own end.

From the floor, Dr. Rutherford made a very able speech, in which he condemned the analogy between India and the America of 1775, for the Americans, as Anglo-Saxons, had had training in self-government, training which nothing could give to the disunited Indians. If 95 per cent. of them were illiterate, the other 5 per cent. were only noisy, and never could provide the efficient civil service necessary to such a country. He advocated a complete reversion of policy by which we should retain our autocracy but make it benevolent, conciliating India by test matches!

AMERICA VERSUS ENGLAND ON INDIA.

In summing up, Mr. Gooderham again urged that the proposition had erred in regarding India as an entity, to be given what she thought she wanted, whereas she should be treated as a child and given what was known to be good for her, in order to save her from herself. By way of reply, Miss Reed pointed out that India had been treated as a nation along with the other nations of the world, in spite of her many dialects (for even in England difference of dialects prevented a Welshman from being understood in Southampton). Her great national culture showed that her requests were not wild agitations, but expressed the real needs of the country. Moreover, England had promised her self-government, and England liked to be regarded as a nation whose word is her bond.

When put to the vote the motion was lost by 36 to 64 ; of those who voted for, 23 were Welshmen. It was interesting to hear that at Birmingham the same motion was carried by a majority of 25 votes.

HOLIDAY.

THE beach quivered
beneath the straight rays of sun.
Sloth clambered along the cliffs
surfeiting the limbs with heat :
the stagnant air
lay heavy in the hollows of the wide-eyed cliffs,
and the sea-birds sulkily protested in their languid gliding.

In the cliff hollow
seen by the birds alone,
sweating body strove to sweating body.
They lay locked in each other's embraces ;
sweat stood on their faces,
on their hands,
sweat stuck body to clothes and clothes to body,
showing off each gross curve and leering line.
Unhealthy face fed on unhealthy face,
and greasy hair mingled with greasy hair.

Now and then
lubricious hands, rolling aside the heavy air,
roved,
seeking a more degrading grip on love.
Her heavy flesh quivered at his touch,
twitching slowly beneath her clammy clothes.
Sluggishly their bodies mingled closer,
and, as they moved,
their pink damp flesh gleamed sickly in the sun.

Below them,
glaucous,
the sea.

The afternoon drowsed on . . .

ASCANTOE.

MAN.

"WHAT is man that thou art mindful of him?" Aristotle defined him as "a rational animal." Psychology reveals that he has a mind and that he is ruled by a certain number of instincts. This seems to cancel out Aristotle's definition since being guided by instincts can hardly be described as "rational." I therefore set out to find for myself what man really was, and for that purpose I came to U.C.S., where I fancied I should have sufficient material and I hoped sufficient opportunity to solve this riddle.

The time and place indeed exceeded my expectations. "Men" of all kinds swarmed everywhere. Women, too, who seemed to have little to do but sit in the hot-wet atmosphere of "Refec.," the mixed common-room of this college. Behold then this student of humanity sitting in that tropical spot, which (*ipso facto*) became her observatory.

I decided to tabulate my knowledge, and after a week of close scrutiny I produced this result:—

- Man is—1. Fond of coffee.
2. Fond of female society.
3. Fond of male society.
4. Fond of tea.

Also there were various adjectives which I attached to man—smoky, noisy, tweedy, lazy. A peculiarity of this type of mankind is their attire—plus fours on Saturdays and anything else plus a "gown" on week-days. The "gown" consists of a series of parallel, vertical black lines joined at the north by a horizontal ditto.

Now this knowledge, although interesting, gave me no help towards defining man, so I decided to turn my attention to a more serious spot—at least in theory—the library. Here I labelled man as quiet, unsociable and quite above tea, coffee or other frivolities such as women. In despair I realised that this was but another view of man, and so considered my subject from all possible points of view, including the lecture-rooms.

In the end I found that man was indefinable, as far as my limited intelligence was concerned. I had discovered that he was actually "all things to all men" and all things to me. He could resemble any kind of plant, from the dainty creeping ivy to the independent oak. He could be a brave leader of men—and a trepidating child before the Board—a solemn assembly! On the whole rather a likeable sort of thing. One feature only rather marred the likeableness of most men—their unhesitating belief in their own godhead. Perhaps the knowledge that science has declared man to be "a conglomeration of chemicals worth approximately 5/- per unit" would dim that belief. I must take that as my only definition of man, at any rate until perhaps a continued study of him in his habitat will inspire me to define him—either as something a little lower than the angels or a little—very little—higher than the demons of the pit.

FEMINA SAPIENS.



MISS PH-R-

My dearest love, Duncan, comes here to-night.—*Shakespeare*. Macbeth.

TERMINALS.

Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair.—*Shelley*.

BAND NOTES.

HERE ends the first year of the College Dance Orchestra, and here begins a review of its activities. We have grown from one piano to an eight-piece combination capable of extraordinary tone-colour.

Our success has been due largely to Rolly, who really made the Orchestra a possibility. We all hope that he will soon be able to take up and blow his trumpet again, and we wish him the best of luck. He established a connection with the strings, but has recently joined the rhythm section where Jim, as steady as the Rock of Jimbraltar, has glorious style and complete reliability. He is a music student of the type that usually gets a B—never in his bonnet. A troublesome young member of the rhythm section is Mick, closely related to John, a great lad with a strong Roy Fox rhythm; he is also a useful pianist. All these boys, who form quite a strong section of the band, are going down.

This brings me to the residue. Next year's Musical Director will probably be Bill, who plays the G banjo and fiddle (see symphony concert programme). Bill has been a reliable hard worker; he is a good arranger and vocalist. Another boy who has helped us right manfully, look you, is Glyn, player of fiddle and B♭ larynx; he now recognises middle phrases at sight and moreover speaks English; very funny, isn't it? Our second sax. and solo clarinet must be mentioned for his whispering style and unusual voice; and he works well on both sides of the scenes. We have been helped on occasions by two pianists of outstanding quality, Frank and Syd. Frank has worked well for some years, while Syd is a classic recently converted to music.

We have had some great times, and it is with very mixed feelings that some of us go down this July. We wish all the best of luck to those boys stopping up next year; and wait for next Whitsun. Let's go—sock it—Rah! Oh, Monah!

Al. (Musical Director).

(If the last sentence had been "musically directed" the mere layman might have stood a chance of understanding it.—Ed.)



CONFESSIONAL.

ELONGATED shadows lie athwart the mudded waste;
My stark and gleaming figure stands enraptured by the night
Till beauty floods around me in a moon-pool light:
But outraged blind convention, in unconsidering haste,
Condemns me as unchaste.

Dim, mysterious tree-shapes, sighing to the breeze,
Disclose their guarded secrets of existence, and I share
Their day-long silent knowledge which ignores the frail despair
All human souls are bound by; long intent, my body sees,
And communes with the trees.

B. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Our lecturers tell us that a meal should be a social function, when we should nurture the mind as well as nourish the body. Could not a few of us do something to make our light refreshment in the Refectory more of a family affair?

I suggest the formation of a small society having special privileges. How nice it would be if one were met with a smile and a chat when one arrived at the counter. Members of the society might receive special service and civility. Possibly a corner of the Refectory might be reserved exclusively for members. Comfortable chairs, suitably placed, would be an additional attraction.

Little groups could be formed for social intercourse and intellectual discussion which would lift the mind above the petty scandals and gossip of the Common Rooms. Perhaps also, members might be provided occasionally with special refreshments or other privileges which could not, of course, be extended to non-members.

Members of the society would have to be chosen according to their qualifications. They should be humble, have retiring dispositions and should be keenly sensitive to public opinion. Colours, or distinctive badges, which would give them a pull over non-members, might be awarded after a period of probation.

Perhaps the Staff would give this idea some slight consideration. If only we could get them to sponsor the society I should feel confident of its success.

Yours hopefully,

C. R. P. DUCKERING.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,

Two issues ago you published a letter in which the lack of intellectuality in College was bitterly deplored. When I read it I admit that I felt slightly scornful of the attitude adopted by your correspondent, who tried to find intellectual conversation by listening for it, not by making it; moreover, I myself had rarely felt any lack of opportunity for discussing such topics as the true nature of art, remote control by wireless, or even ultimate reality and your duty towards your neighbour. Lately, I fear such opportunities have indeed been less. However, another deficiency has been growing even more serious since I read his letter; the intellectual group that I knew seems to have shifted, and with that shifting there has grown up an intolerance of any sort of seriousness; any attempt to enlist the sympathies of the student-body for anything worth while is either regarded suspiciously or jeeringly laughed at, which is even worse, because it means that one will come up against a dead wall of obstinacy in any efforts at persuasion. The conversations are still available, I suppose, but when one has been unjustly thwarted of a desire to do, mere talking is poor compensation. Your correspondent may agree.

What this depressing atmosphere is due to I cannot conjecture, much as I should like to. But I feel sure that there is one thing that would help to remedy it, and that coincides with the removal of the cause of the decrease in opportunity for sincere conversation. Your correspondent may not have found in College one corner where intellect is not scorned, where enthusiasm and interest are encouraged and fed; (yet, for all his anonymity I have it on good authority that he has found it.) There a chosen few foregather to talk of other things than the state of the weather, their wardrobe,

CORRESPONDENCE.

their heart or their pocket ; books, music, theatres, art, even some philosophy are their mental papulum, and some of us who are, for reasons unknown, beyond the pale of that select group, feel a little weary as friend after friend gradually gets gathered in. They enjoy their privileges, and I welcome them their enjoyment ; but I feel sure that they would be better off attempting to arouse enthusiasm in a few others, if in their sheer good spirits they would deign once more to mix with the " common herd," from whom I could never cut myself off so completely.

Yours, etc.,
FOREIGNER.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,

What is man ? Is he brute or divine ? Personally, I have always hoped that the spark of divinity is not dead in any of us, and that indeed we are but a little lower than the angels. This morning, however, as I sat on the terraces at College, I inclined to the opposite view. How is it possible to think otherwise when one sees before one the male and female of the human species wallowing on the green sward like the lowest of the animals !

Surely, sir, this example cannot have escaped your eye, nor that of other members of the community ! We cannot even excuse it as sheer frivolity engendered by this delightful summer weather ; other parts of the building are infested by this same pair ; Refec. is abominated. Let them behave as they please in private, but let them at least shew some consideration for other people, and restrain themselves in public.

What can be done about it ? I leave it, sir, to the cleansing influence of your columns to rid us of this pest, and I subscribe myself,

Faithfully yours,
PROTESTANT
(but not Puritan).



DOUBTS.

S HALL it be mine to fulfil the hope that pervades and taunts me ?
Mine to ascend to the height of that heaven of consummate bliss ?
Shall I never be rid of the chill suspicion that haunts me ?
Must I abandon all thought of that sweet unattainable kiss ?
But has she not smiled on me oft, soft sign of her favour bestowing ?
Have I not thrilled as I read a message of hope in her eyes ?
Or is it a lover's conceit that blinds and deceives me unknowing ?
Can she be only amused at my torrent of passionate sighs ?
Do I know the attainment is sweet if its sweetness I never have tasted ?
Why do I dream everlasting of joys that I never have known ?
What if I find in the end all my restless anxiety wasted ?
Will they be barren of harvest, the seeds that I think to have sown ?
But why should I hope she is mine, when others are hers for the choosing ?
Could she abandon them all for one who has nothing to give ?
O why do I spend all the hours in fruitless and indolent musing ?
Let me away to her side, by her side let me laugh, love and live !



SOUTH HILL.

BEFORE South Hill says "good-bye" to men—"for the powers that be" have decided "it shall be no more"—we must say its panegyric. Throughout the session it has proved its worth through its members of all the College's societies. So loathe are we to leave it that we must conclude in singing with the poet:—

"Men are we and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away."

O. V. B.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

WE were pleased to welcome twenty-five juniors into Montefiore Hall at the beginning of this session, making a record number of nearly fifty members. The year has been a most successful one. We have entertained all members of South Stoneham, New Hall and South Hill, and in this last term over forty members of staff accepted our invitation to an "At Home." The most important event for us this year has been the acquisition of a room in Hut A and also the donation by Dr. Montefiore of a portrait of himself. We were very pleased to have a visit from him and the Principal in our new room this term. Fortnightly meetings have been held in the Montefiore Room on Friday evenings throughout the year, and a Play Reading Society has been formed which is run by an Entertainments' Committee. We shall be very sorry to lose our Warden, Miss Miller, at the end of this term, and should like to wish her every success in her new sphere at Highfield Hall.

S. J. B. W.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

WE shall begin these notes with an eye to the future, and let the past look after itself for a few lines. As most folk are aware, the Warden is going to forsake us for a season. He has been invited to give a course of lectures in Theology at the General Theological Seminary, New York. (We cannot help thinking of Macedonia.) We appreciate the very great honour, and, whilst regretting his absence from Stoneham for a whole term, we all join in wishing him God-speed.

HALL NOTES.

This is the first opportunity that we have had, in print, of greeting Miss Blake, our new Matron. We extend to her a very warm welcome, sincerely hoping that she may long remain with us to enjoy the esteem and confidence which she has so promptly gained.

To congratulate the Vice-Warden is our next pleasant task. Mr. F. W. Anderson has been appointed as a geological member of an expedition to Iceland this summer. We are not really conversant with the rigours of Iceland, but there is probably considerable danger of being frozen to death or perhaps of being bitten by a seal. Whether or not these are real menaces we cannot say. Anyhow we hope that the Vice-Warden will come through unscathed.

We had the honour on May 5th of receiving a visit from Mr. Albert Gladstone, grandson of the illustrious statesman, heir to the Hawarden estates, and now a Governor of the Bank of England. Mr. Gladstone, after dinner, outlined the world situation with regard to the recent crisis, to a large and very appreciative audience. We are also indebted to Mr. J. Whitehouse, who on May 19th gave a very interesting lantern lecture on Tintoretto's great masterpiece, "Paradise."

In reviewing the past session we cannot help feeling gratified by the general progress. This is certainly due to the spontaneous good-fellowship which prevails. We hope that our first-year men have gained much from it, have made many friends, and, still more important, have determined that the future of Stoneham shall be safe in their hands. What could be more appropriate than on this warm and cheerful note to make our final bow of the session?

M. J. G.

HIGHFIELD, RUSSELL and NEW HALL report that they have done nothing to write home about.—ED.



H-G-N JUN.

Blasting his wholesome brother.—*Shakespeare*. Hamlet.

F. KN-BBS.

... I have yet

Room for six Scotches more.—*Shakespeare*. Antony and Cleopatra.

S. T-LL-R J-N-S.

Alas! our young affections run to waste.—*Byron*.

DEBATES.

Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall,
And some loquacious vessels were, and some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.—*Fitz Gerald*.

BEFORE THE DERBY.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!—*Shakespeare*. Richard III.

AFTER THE DERBY.

You'll pay me eight shillings I won of you at betting.

—*Shakespeare*. Henry V.



CHRISTIAN UNION.

AT the end of this our first year of existence we are able to report steady but consistent progress; this has been shown in a large increase in membership and well-attended meetings. Lunch-hour prayer meetings have been held daily, with additional missionary talks on Saturdays, on the Gold Coast, Egypt, S. Morocco and Central Asia. On Fridays, the Epistle to the Romans has been studied with much spiritual help.

At the end of last term good interest was evinced in a Squash held at High-field Hall. Miss J. B. Strain, of Bedford College, spoke on "Does Jesus Christ meet the needs of Modern Life?" and was much appreciated. At the time of writing, we are looking forward with much interest to a visit of Dr. B. F. C. Atkinson, M.A., of Cambridge University.

We are hoping to arrange meetings next session with Dr. Rendle Short, B.S., B.Sc., F.R.C.S., of Bristol, and K. Hooker, Esq., B.A., of Christ College, Cambridge, and Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, as speakers.

CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

OUR activities this term reached the grand climax in the Symphony Concert given at College on May 20th. This was an unqualified success—"of that there is no possible doubt," and it was a worthy conclusion to a session which has been a very happy one. We have been called upon to work hard for the Society, and the results of that work have not been wanting in merit. Mr. D. C. Williams, our president and conductor, extracted the last ounce of our varying abilities; only those who are in the Society know fully the debt of gratitude which is due to him.

Many of us are leaving College in July, and we shall sadly miss the customary Tuesday evening rehearsals. Our hope is that the Society may flourish still and—though we shall be far away—our thoughts will often come back to the "Tower warders under orders" or to the triumphant final chords of the "Hymn of Praise."

R. W. B.

THE CHESS CLUB.

SINCE the last issue of the *West Saxon* two items stand out amongst the activities of the Club. Towards the end of last term Sir George Thomas, probably the best-known master-player in England, gave us a display of simultaneous chess. The result of the play was very satisfactory, for, out of the 34 games played, we won

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three and drew seven. The display was also a great success in the amount of interest it evoked. Throughout the evening there was a constant stream of spectators, from the outside world as well as from the College. Sir George's visit will long be remembered by the chess players of the College and the town.

The final of the Robertson Cup was played this term. Southampton put out a strong team, and the match was very close. The result depended on one game which has just been adjudicated. A win on this board has brought the cup to the College for the first time for many years. The team must be congratulated on its efforts, as Southampton, who can call on most of the Hampshire county players, are very strong and made a determined effort to secure the cup.

The Chess Club next year is to have a President. Mr. Vine, who has played first board for the "A" team all this year with consistent success, has been elected for the office.

May we take this opportunity to thank all those who have by their support helped the Club to have such a successful year?

C. R. P. D.

THE ARCHITECTURE SOCIETY.

AS we are probably the youngest Society in College, we have not ventured to appear in print before, but we feel that after a year of unabated enthusiasm and varied activities we are sufficiently flourishing to deserve a place among these other learned (and unlearned) Societies of this noble establishment.

We are ready to welcome everybody, with or without a knowledge of the subject. The Society is intended to appeal to any who are interested in, or can appreciate, architecture, not only to those already well versed in it.

We hold lunch-hour meetings in College on Thursdays, generally illustrated. We are especially grateful to both the Geography and Botany departments for lending us their lanterns. We try to link up these indoor talks with excursions to places of architectural interest.

Thanks to the kindness of our President, Miss Trout, we have now a considerable library, and are making a collection of photographs, etc.

Our most enjoyable excursion this term was to Beaulieu Abbey, when at the kind request of Miss Leveson, we had the great privilege of being shown round by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, whom we found really inspiring. We are hoping to visit Winchester in the near future.

This term, too, the ice was broken as regards talks by students, when Mr. Seaton gave us a most entertaining account of the work on Liverpool Cathedral. We only hope that more students will follow his example and help to make next year as successful as this one has been.

W. E. B.

STAGE SOCIETY.

THE Stage Society had hoped to launch out on a new venture and produce a second play during the session; this was to be something in the way of an artistic and unusual production, and after very heated argument it was decided to attempt to put on "Much Ado About Nothing" in modern dress. The cast was chosen with some difficulty, and rehearsals started with even more. Five weeks' vacation proved just long enough for all the benefit of last term's rehearsals to be completely lost, especially as the would-be actors were all remarkably inexperienced. So with the utmost regret we concluded that our aspirations, though good, would

THE WEST SAXON.

have to be dropped, and our attention confined once more to the harmless, conventional pastime of play-reading. Accordingly we have read Ashley Dukes' "Man with a Load of Mischief" (this was a good piece of work) and Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," and are waiting until the Drama League chooses to send us Somerset Maugham's "Jack Straw."

R. I. W.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THE Geographical Society has continued its activities this term in excursions and mid-morning lectures. On May 18th, by kind permission of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, a party went over S.S. Empress of Britain. Although this was the second visit, 153 members took advantage of it. Stewards were available, so that a complete tour was arranged for each section of the party.

Professor Rishbeth kindly consented, again this session, to give a series of "open" lectures. These were held on May 25th and June 1st, and his subject was "Central America." Large audiences greatly appreciated the slides. Professor Rishbeth will continue his talk on "Central America" on June 8th, at 11 a.m., and will follow it by other talks on "Canada."

On June 25th it is proposed to charter a motor launch to take a party round the Isle of Wight to study coastal forms.

Next session's programme is being arranged, and will include several notable speakers.

W. M. P. A.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

EXCEPTIONAL circumstances provoke unprecedented behaviour. We debated in the Summer Term only because we would otherwise have missed all chances of entertaining two very charming Americans.

They arrived on the Majestic on Friday morning, April 29th, at 8 o'clock, when the President and Secretary met them; they spent all day in recovering their land legs, and at 5.15, after a cheerful tea at Highfield, we all migrated to College (in the rain) to debate in the Men's Common Room, which was packed to overflowing. The Americans proposed "That England should grant immediate Dominion Status to India," putting up a very good case out of very poor material. They lost the motion, but had the speeches been judged on their merits I am sure they would have won.

After the serious business of the visit was over, the week-end was spent in a more frivolous vein. They thought Jack Buchanan's show, "Stand up and Sing," the best musical comedy they had ever seen; they loved New Hall, but asked the price of South Stoneham House; they were shown Winchester by a native, and were royally entertained by the A.U. at their Sports Dance. We hope that future committees will never lose the opportunity of making such links with foreign Universities; it is good for College (and also for the committee!).

B. B.

UNIONS AND SOCIETIES.

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES' LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

WE learnt a lesson last term ; while we, according to our natures, were discussing the technicalities of disarmament or waxing sentimental over international co-operation, members of the International Conciliation Club in Shanghai University saw their town ravaged by warfare ; in their streets helmeted soldiers lay crouching behind sand-bags, crawled like hungry dogs in search of prey or charged savagely behind drawn bayonets ; in their hospitals lay kinsmen, maimed or dying ; shops were looted, districts were burned, things of value were destroyed and the whole order of life was disturbed, because the spirit of international conciliation was completely lacking in the arrangement of international affairs. At the same time, and for similar reasons, members of the International Conciliation Clubs in Germany and Central Europe watched the spirits of malcontent and militarism spread around them, and the peace outlook was definitely unsettled.

Therefore we have left the details of disarmament to the experts, who do not seem very happy about them, and this term we have concentrated on the consideration of international relations. We have received the very useful co-operation of members of other nations : Miss Amy Hemingway-Jones, of U.S.A., visited us on her way home to New York after a tour round the world ; M. Jean Train told us of the difference between National policy and the feeling of the French people, and was therefore very cheering ; Mr. Wettwer and Mr. Hutter showed us the very great difficulties in the way of peace in their respective countries, Germany and Hungary ; Mr. Vause discoursed on Spain and the Spanish people ; Mr. Nyawuto on the position in the Empire of the British possessions in West Africa, and at a grand final meeting at the end of this term Miss P. K. Leveson is going to relate impressions gathered from a journey in China and her views on Chinese problems.

None of our speakers has left us feeling cheerful over international relations, but they have shown us far better than any treatise on the subject could have done, how dependent on international prosperity and co-operation is the healthy internal organisation of every nation ; how necessary to the peace of mind of every intelligent individual is a sympathetic understanding of the minds of his neighbours. The seeming hopelessness of the present position drives us on to work harder to make that state of mind called " international social conscience " universal. Only in the achievement of this great aim can we hope really to remedy the present ills.

For this reason we look forward next year to a membership of some four hundred.

M. H. C.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

IN the summer term the Biological Society usually lies dormant, but this term we have been able to arrange an outing to Ripley, which I hope will prove very interesting. Since the last account, we have had a lecture from Mr. James Line, M.A., on " The Ecology of Wicken Fen," which was amply illustrated by lantern slides.

In reviewing the year, it can be said that the Society has had a very successful session, and the support given by its members more than justifies its existence. It is hoped that next session will shew an increase in membership, so that financially the Society will be able to arrange a really first-class programme.

E. L. W.

THE WEST SAXON.

TOC H.

THERE are times when man's nature demands entertainment which will satisfy his intellectual being ; there are other times when he needs less profound pastime ; and there are times when he feels he can be of use in our social world. We believe that in Toc H we are satisfying these three aspects of our make-up.

We are indebted to Dr. Rutherford and Mr. Tyerman for leading a discussion on the British Empire to-day, and to Mr. Leech, of the Engineering Staff, for an enlightening talk on Airship Development. Outside speakers, including Rev. H. R. Bates, one of the original founders of Toc H, Colonel Pennell, and Canon Leonard Hodgson have also visited us to speak on various subjects ; and the groups of men which they have left behind arguing heatedly are sure signs of the success and value of their talks.

On the other hand, we are indebted to Rev. R. C. Rham, our Padre, who has taught us to play the fool elegantly and intellectually ; and to all those members or visitors who having willingly submitted to being fooled, whether by their endeavours to pass match-boxes from nose to nose, or by their efforts to construct impromptu speeches on meaningless subjects.

Toc H is essentially informal, but we think the limit has been reached now that a member has attended a meeting wearing no socks.

Finally, though we have no desire to blow our own trumpet, we have done our share in the valuable work which Toc H is doing in Southampton and district. Our group is only quite young, but it has already proved its worth and justified its existence. Some of our original members are in all parts of England. They have left behind a tradition which we are striving to maintain, to increase, and in our turn to hand on to those coming after.

G. T. G.

9TH SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE ROVER CREW.

SUMMER term is always our favourite, since we are able to get out more and practise outdoor activities with more enjoyment.

The Whitsuntide week-end was very full for most of us. Seven Rovers went into camp at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, from Friday to Monday, and, in spite of the weather, enjoyed every minute. Colonel Brent Good lent us a charming sight overlooking the harbour, and from there daily hikes took us to Alum Bay, the Needles and Freshwater (Saturday), and Brightstone and Brook on Sunday. Sunday it rained !!! Thanks to good soil and canvas, none of us got wetter after returning to camp that night.

Walker ran his own camp with his old troop near Gilwell, and Vine took four Dockland Scouts to the West of England Jamboree at Bridgewater, Somerset. Vine and Campbell, with several other Rovers, are doing wonderful work in Dockland, and the troop there can now be called flourishing. Vine, incidentally, has just completed Part I of the Scouters' Wood Badge. Congratulations !

Professor Cock, our Rover Leader, has been most generous this session, in inviting several Dockland boys every Sunday to Hostel breakfast and Church.

Dr. Griffin, from H.Q., will be at South Stoneham on June 12th for a Rovers' Own. This will be an Association meeting, and Rovers from other towns are invited. Also an Association meeting will be held on June 18th at Stoneham, and will be open to all Rovers in Southampton. The speaker is not yet decided upon.

We shall sincerely miss our S.R.M. Brading this session. His influence will be long felt in College, and he may well be termed "gaffer" in our crew. Good luck, Dick, and to all others leaving us ! Let us hope we shall not lose touch with them.

H. L. C.



TENNIS NOTES.

"LET there be originality" is the Editor's cry to all writers of notes of this type. As an automatic machine promptly disgorges a bad coin passed into him by some unscrupulous hand, so the Finals student aims at promptly disgorging information crammed into him by equally unscrupulous professors. In other words, the last spark of originality in him has been extinguished by a flood of other people's ideas.

It would have been delightfully original to have proclaimed that the Tennis team is top of the Southern Universities' League, but, alas! it is not having been beaten by Bristol in a series of hard games none of which we were able to pull off, but all of which were most closely contested.

So far from being original, the present tennis committee, by dint of constant supplications to the A.U., have secured the demise of the Tennis Club's greatest claim to originality. I refer to the replacement of the "chicken run" effect of the College tennis courts by more suitable tennis gear. These courts are thus for the first time in three years in full working order.

One of the most pleasing features of the season has been the great reception accorded to the tournaments. Nearly one hundred men entered, reflecting great credit on the sporting spirit of the College.

Less pleasing was the form shown by the juniors who, although on the whole are up to the average, failed to produce a single man of first team standard. This is ominous and bodes ill for next season, in view of the fact that seven of the first team will have gone down next year, including both the captains: since the latter have been our first pair for two years and the men's captain has been first man for four years in all, they both will be sadly missed.

We therefore feel bound to conclude on an almost tutorial note, by urging all those in the teams or on the edge of teams who will be here next year (or hope to be) to strain every nerve in practice in order that the Tennis Club shall not be disgraced in its encounters, especially with Exeter and Bristol, next year.

S. C.

THE WEST SAXON.

CRICKET CLUB.

DUE to our marvellous English summers, few people know, I imagine, that such a club exists. However, it does, and is potentially, I think, very strong. We had a glimpse of our powers when we visited Bristol University. We were unfortunate in losing an extremely fine game.

Our batting seems to be decidedly stronger than in the last two or three years, and if by any chance we managed to get in some practice, our bowlers would, I think, improve a great deal. Let me say, in conclusion, that we extend a hearty welcome to our new members, and fully appreciate the high standard of their skill.

W. A. B.

BOAT CLUB.

IT is with some slight diffidence that we are prevailed upon to expatiate on our athletic prowess during this memorable session. This reticence is due, not to any desire to hide vanquished heads in overwhelming shame, but to an inability to speak of our achievements without an air of indecorous presumption unsuited to our normally demure carriage and behaviour.

Still it would be exceedingly lamentable to allow to blush unseen such a rosy record of unblemished excellence. The horrible truth must come out. In a total of eight University matches we remain unconquered. Successively Bristol, King's, East London and Reading Juniors have had to yield to us both in "Eights" and "Fours." Now *favete linguis* we have boasted enough.

We view with an admixture of gratification and trepidation the rapidly increasing attendance of the august academic dignitaries at our competitive functions. We acclaim the dignity conferred by such a scholastic galaxy, but deplore the increasing taciturnity of our members in their presence. Poor boys, they have to be so careful.

Finally, Valediction. "Parting is such sweet sorrow," etc., but apart from any lacrimaceous lugubrations, we must acknowledge our genuine regret at the impending departure from us of many of those who helped to found and build up the club. Especially are we indebted to our Captain, Mr. Sutton Brown, for his unwearied service and enthusiasm, and also to those members in a less exalted position who have both in boats and on the tow-path uncomplainingly worked for the benefit of the club. These men have set us a tradition and an example which it will be difficult to equal and, I fear, beyond the powers of those remaining to excel.

D. S. M.

TRACK ATHLETIC CLUB.

THOUGH last year's track athletic team set a very high standard by winning all their matches, we have every reason to hope that the all-round strength shown this year will be even more impressive. The "veterans," together with several first-year men of promising ability, won their first two matches against the R.N. and R.M., Portsmouth, and University College S.W.E., Exeter, and then proceeded to carry off most of the spoils at the Hampshire Inter-Collegiate Athletic Championships on May 28th. The standard set at all three meetings was quite high.

We have yet to meet the Navy and Marines in a return match, the Southampton A.A.C. and Reading University A.C., and on one Saturday we hope to hold an Inter-Halls relay meeting.

Weather conditions, particularly at the beginning of term, made training rather difficult, but the team are now fit and "quietly confident" that, despite finals and possible injuries, the end of the season will be as successful as the beginning.

E. T. B.

ATHLETICS.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

B EING now well advanced in the second year of our existence, we can look back with some satisfaction and can look forward with some hope, as in everything our standard shows considerable improvement on the beginning of this season and in some events on the best performances of last season.

An eagerly awaited day, May 28th, has caused us the greatest satisfaction, as we now hold that coveted trophy presented by the Staff of Portsmouth Municipal College for the women's relay race in the Inter-Collegiate Sports. On this occasion our success was even better than we had anticipated, as we obtained first place in every event, and in the 100 yards, 220 yards and the high jump we secured all three places; in addition, in two of these events—the 100 yards and the high jump—the previous records were broken. At the conclusion of the contest we led Portsmouth by 29—5 points.

This year, too, we met Reading University for the first time: the match came rather early in the season, but was nevertheless enjoyed, and our visitors deserved their victory, although we were very unfortunate in meeting with an accident at the beginning of the match.

At the Hampshire Championships Meeting, held at Portsmouth on May 21st, we were well represented, and experienced the great joy of seeing U.C.S. come to the fore in the only two events for women included in the day's programme—the 100 yards and the 300 yards handicaps.

Our fixture list for the remainder of the season includes Goldsmith's College; we are looking forward to this match and hope to repeat our victory of last year.

The team now numbers eight keen and enthusiastic members; we hope the membership will be increased next year and that more interest in the Club will be taken by freshers. Much of the success of the team is due to the enthusiasm and regularity with which the whole team turns out for training, and we hope we are not—as has been suggested—"mad idiots who run because we have to."

B. B.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

W E cannot review our season as our season is but half completed, and a complete review of half a season is apt to be misleading. Let us therefore just mention that we have aimed high in our fixtures, even venturing to oppose such a formidable club as the Southampton Amateur Swimming Club, to which we have lost two matches. However, we will be bold enough to state that in losing we gave no mean account of ourselves. To balance those matches we have four successes, including a decisive victory against Reading University.

The team has suffered somewhat from change of personnel. We have to express our deep sympathy with Tillyard, who has had to retire from swimming under doctor's orders. For our part, we are thus deprived of our sprinter and vice-captain in one blow. Other losses to the team are those of Wettwer (permanent) and Glenn (temporary, under pressure of finals). Without the latter we find it difficult to dive.

Our latest venture is an "A" team, which turned out against Winchester Training College. This match was won by dint of good team work.

In case anyone is under the impression that we only swim, let us pause a moment to point out that most of our fixtures include both swimming and water polo. In the latter department we have improved greatly since last season, much of our success being due to the bull-dog tenacity and staying power of the backs.

THE WEST SAXON.

During the winter Lewis did some very useful work in training a class for Royal Life-Saving Society examinations, with the result that a number of silver and bronze medals and proficiency certificates were gained. He has lately competed the training of a much larger class, which is to take the examinations in the near future. To him we express our thanks and congratulations.

We express the same to those who have survived the reading of this report, and, as the summer has arrived, you can now stagger along and have a nice reviving swim.

J. E. S.

WOMEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

ALTHOUGH we are now well into the middle of the swimming season, our fixtures have not been numerous, owing to the fact that we were unable to hire the bath for matches until nearly the end of May. We have not yet lost a match when swimming a full team, and were unfortunate in losing the fixture against Bramtooc through being disqualified in the relay. In the Reading match practically all the events were very closely contested, most of them being won or lost by a touch.

K. M. H.



MINSTER ECHOES.

"... For there is no delight," he said,
"Greater than pacing with the dead
Within the cloisters that they tread."

Within the minster's silent walls
The brothers' priestly tread still falls,
Awakening ghostly undertones
Among the timbers and the stones.
In ruined dorters echoes creep
Around the walls where brothers sleep
In silence, heedless of the knell
That stilled their midnight matins bell.
Often I hear their ghostly feet
Where transept and where cloisters meet,
And peer in dimlit corral nooks
Where shades of abbots write in shades of books...

"Aye, there is no delight," he said,
"Greater than pacing with the dead
Within the cloisters that they tread."

C. A. S.

100
DN to BOONY GARDEN
No SPORTS on SUMMER
1933
— ERC 1933 — DFC 1936

National Union of Teachers.

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Membership is open to ALL qualified teachers, in whatever type of work they are engaged, and includes University, Technical and Secondary teachers in addition to the great mass of primary teachers in the country.

1931

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Total - - 141,000



FINANCE.

Total - £1,000,000

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